

SQUIBS FROM THE WATER FRONT

Time was when the seiners, going mackereling in the summer time, seldom touched at the home port, maybe once a month or so, because they had to "make hay while the sun shone" or rather, catch mackerel while the price was good. Nowadays with the topsy-turvy conditions, the fleet spends its week-ends here at home, and by the way it looks, may even summer here, if they don't change over to swordfishing.

Just about everyone of them is again in port today with the worst week of all behind them. Not that the mackerel schools weren't out there by the lightship, but the Boston market was positively cold and frigid. All of the seiners disposed of their catches, but not by the selling route. It sure is tough after putting a lot of hard work into making a catch, when several sets must be made before the 20,000 pounds is landed, and then have the buyers simply ignore them.

What to do? They have tried so many plans within the past two months, that they are running out of schemes. All week as they get together, the skippers at the Master Mariners, the skippers down the Fort, and the fishermen along the wharves have been heatedly arguing what could be the solution, while they wonder if they will ever break even again in the mackerel seining game. They meet this afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Master Mariners' rooms, and more plans will be adopted for what end nobody knows. It is like grasping at straws.

The scarcity of swordfish at this time of the year, is another one for the book. The swordfishermen who have reported are few in proportion to the numbers which are circling Georges bank in search of the fish. Skipper "Chris" Higgins in the sch. John A. Cooney was reported in New Bedford Wednesday with 15 swordfish for which he received 24 cents a pound right through the whole lot. He admitted that looking for the quaint fin was like looking for the well-known needle in the equally familiar haystack.

That sch. Maxwell, recently sold to Instructor Ralph Parsons of Rocky Neck for living quarters, has quite a history, in that several skippers have had her in the past. One of them is Capt. David Gillis, one of the finest gentlemen of the old school of master mariners, who describes the Maxwell as an excellent craft which is as comfortable as it is practical. Capt. Dave used to go netting in her years ago.

Apropos of the recent visit of President Roosevelt. When the camera-man who took scads of photos of the chief executive and the yacht *Amberjack II*, wanted someone to get their negatives to New York city for the metropolitan press in a hurry, they sent for young Bob Wharton, son of Capt. Robert A. Wharton, skipper of the steamer *Fabia*, beam trawler hailing from this port. A chip off the old block, young Bob goes in for adventure and the thrill of living high which makes him an aviator.

FAIR RECEIPTS AT THIS PORT

TOTAL OF 47,000 POUNDS—ONE LOBSTER SMACK FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

Fresh fish arrivals since yesterday in this port totalled 47,300 pounds of cod, mackerel and whiting, besides one lobster smack, *Fannie*, which hailed from Clark's harbor, Nova Scotia, with 160 crates or 24,000 pounds of live lobsters for the Consolidated Lobster Company of Bay View. The schooner *William L. Putnam* came down from Boston yesterday afternoon with 25,000 pounds of market cod which went to the Pew branch of the Gorton-Pew Fisheries for splitting. Five gill netters succeeded in getting a total of 8000 pounds of cod. The halibuter *American* is home from Portland where she landed her halibut and salt cod trip. Her skipper, Capt. Simon Theriault, had the honor of being President Roosevelt's guest aboard the *Amberjack II*, yesterday morning.

Gloucester Arrivals and Receipts.

The arrivals and fares in detail:
William L. Putnam, via Boston, 25,000 lbs. market cod for splitting.
Six Brothers, seining, 1000 lbs. mackerel.
Edith R., seining, 5000 lbs. mackerel.

D-610, seining, 2000 lbs. mackerel.
Nelson's traps, 20 barrels whiting.
Peterson's traps, 2000 lbs. mackerel.
C 6606, jigging, 300 lbs. cod.
Gov. Al Smith, via Boston.
Three Sisters, via Boston.
Mary W., via Boston.
Marietta and Mary, via Boston.
St. Rosalie, via Boston.
Salvatore, via Boston.
Alicia, via Boston.
Naomi Bruce III, via Boston.
Lobster smack *Fannie*, Clark's Harbor, Nova Scotia, 160 crates live lobsters.

Yesterday's Gill Net Receipts.

Virginia and Joan, 2500 lbs. cod.
C. A. Meister, 2000 lbs. cod.
Naomi Bruce II, 1500 lbs. cod.
Nashawena, 1000 lbs. cod.
Liboria C., 1000 lbs. cod.

TIMES FISH MARKET.

Salt Fish.

Large salt trawl cod, \$2.50 per cwt.; medium, \$1.50.
Large cusk, \$1.50; medium, \$1.
Hake, \$1.
Fish not gilled, large cod, 20 cents less; medium cod, 15 cents less.

Splitting Prices.

Large fresh cod, \$1.50 per cwt.; medium, \$1; snappers, 50 cents.
Haddock, 50 cents.
Hake, 60 cents.
Pollock, 50 cents.
Large cusk, 75 cents; medium, 50 cents.

On the Ways.

Sch. *American* is on Parkhurst's marine railways for painting.

DOZEN ON HAND AT BOSTON PORT

ONE SEINER AND FOUR SW ERS IN TODAY'S FLEET— PRICES LOW.

One mackerel arrival was at the dozen boats reaching the pier for the half-day session of Boston market today. Four of them had small fares of swordfish. The rest brought ground and mixed. Total receipts were 42,000 pounds of mackerel, 20,000 pounds of mackerel, large, 100 swordfish, tuna fish and 31,000 pounds of fish. The market was dull.

A cargo of 229 crates of lobsters were brought in yesterday from Scotia on the smack *O.K. Ser*.

Boston Arrivals and Receipts

The arrivals and fares in detail:
Sch. *Vagabond*, 15,000 had 1000 cod, 10,000 mixed fish.
Donald, 19,000 haddock, 7000 7000 mixed fish.
Irene and Mabel, 18 swordfish.
Desire, 29 swordfish.
Jorgina Silveria, 14 swordfish.
tunafish.

Edith L. Boudreau, 38 swordfish.
Virginia and Mary, 5500 mixed.
St. Peter, 3000 mixed fish.
Mary Guiseppe, 2200 mixed fish.
St. Theresa, 1200 mixed fish.
Mary Grace, 2300 mixed fish.
Nova Julia, 20,000 large mackerel.

Arrived Yesterday.

Alice M. Doughty II., 26 swordfish.
Haddock, \$2.50 per cwt.; large \$2; market cod, \$1.75 to \$2; haddock, \$1; gray sole, 1 to 1½ per pound; lemon sole, 3 cents; backs, 1½ cents; yellow tails, 1½ cents; swordfish, 18 to 22 cents; mackerel, 4½ cents, small 3 cents; catfish, 1 cent.

LOBSTER SEASON NOT PRO

The lobster season has less than two weeks to go, and so far it has not been a profitable season for fishermen on the Tracadie, N.S. coast, principally due to lack of lobsters. The lobster factory at Blue Point, operated by Mr. Irving was last week, after having been closed for the past six weeks. The lobsters now collected at this time are shipped to Bayfield to be canned.

Portland News

The netter *Nimbus*, in command of Capt. Clayton Morissey, Gloucester, arrived at Portland yesterday with 3000 pounds of mackerel.

In his Cessna mono-plane, with Andrew Lufkin, Jr., as company, Bob took off from the Beverly airport with the films Wednesday, directly after the *Thebaud* had returned to the dock after the reception of the President, and within two hours delivered the films to the anxious New Yorkers who rushed them to their developing rooms, and within no time the afternoon editions were showing Mr. Roosevelt passing the time of day with Capt. Ed Proctor, Capt. Joe Mesquita, and Capt. Ben Pine. Is that speed, or isn't it fast!

Speaking of aviation, "Skip" Crawley, boss of the caulkers at Parkhurst's railways, not only puts schooners to rights after the ocean uses them kind of mean, but he also manufactures airplanes as a sideline. Don't get excited, they are only miniatures, and are twins so as to form weather vanes, as their propellers swing the craft according to the wind. "Skip" makes them to amuse himself, and has one on hand at present which will gladden the hearts of some youngsters he knows. Monoplane or Do-X model, it makes no never-mind to this builder.

French doors are rather out-of-place to the rough-and-ready waterfront, but just the same such doors are going into place down on Mellow's wharf, right next to Eugene Hall's and Johnnie Murray's fish concern. Squibs understands that someone intends to open up a refreshment station there for the summer traffic since the wharf is becoming more and more popular for landing parties from yachts, and a few party boats from this port intend to take on passengers from there.

Adrift on a raft was one hard-working gentleman yesterday afternoon, as he sculled his way across the inner harbor and set his course for the United Sail loft wharf—and made it after churning considerable elbow-grease. As long as it floats, it's a boat to the old-timer along the waterfront.

Capt. Tom Benham's craft, sch. *Ruth Lucille* went off the ways yesterday forenoon after two weeks' work to repair the mackerel seiner which the freighter *Santa Cecilia* almost sent to the bottom. Squibs hears that Capt. Benham intends to remain in the seining game despite the odds and may sail tomorrow. Here's luck, skipper!

They tell this yarn on Capt. John Silveira of the swordfisherman A. Platt Andrew. It was at the time when the music of the carillon bells from the tower of Our Lady of Good Voyage church, were first broadcast over the radio, the concert being from 8.30 to 9.30 o'clock in the evening. Like many another vessel, the *Andrew* was equipped with a radio set, and Capt. John Matheson's radio station was doing a splendid job of the broadcast. In fact the reception even far out at sea on Georges bank was so clear to Skipper Silveira as he reclined in his bunk, that when he heard two piercing blows, he jumped out of his bunk and hollered, "All hands on deck!" He thought that a steamer was getting too close for comfort, and wanted all prepared in case of collision. The crew however, were wise, and informed him that the two blows originated back in Gloucester, announcing the hour of curfew, and meant "All children in bed."